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#1

THE TARGET

KEVIN SMITH GLENN FABRY

Life moves on. We adapt.
Case in point: it's been over a year since a handful of hate-fueled, religious extremists guided two passenger-loaded missiles into a pair of buildings that defined this island and gave it an identity for over three decades.
New York -- her indomitable pulse slowed for the first time -- mourned for an interval, uncertain of what to be in the face of a tragedy of heretofore unimagined proportions.
And then, almost as if each of us entered into a silent contract amongst ourselves, New Yorkers picked themselves up, and -moved on.
Sadder and wiser? Of course. But beaten?
Never.
Why?
Because we're New Yorkers.
However, that's not to say each of us still doesn't pause periodically throughout our hectic days and sleepless nights, to reflect on the madness of both that chilling day and those responsible for it.
And when we do that, this is the haunting refrain that echoes through our minds...

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THE TARGET

"You bastards..."

"What have you done to my city?"

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GLENN FABRY ART
PART 1
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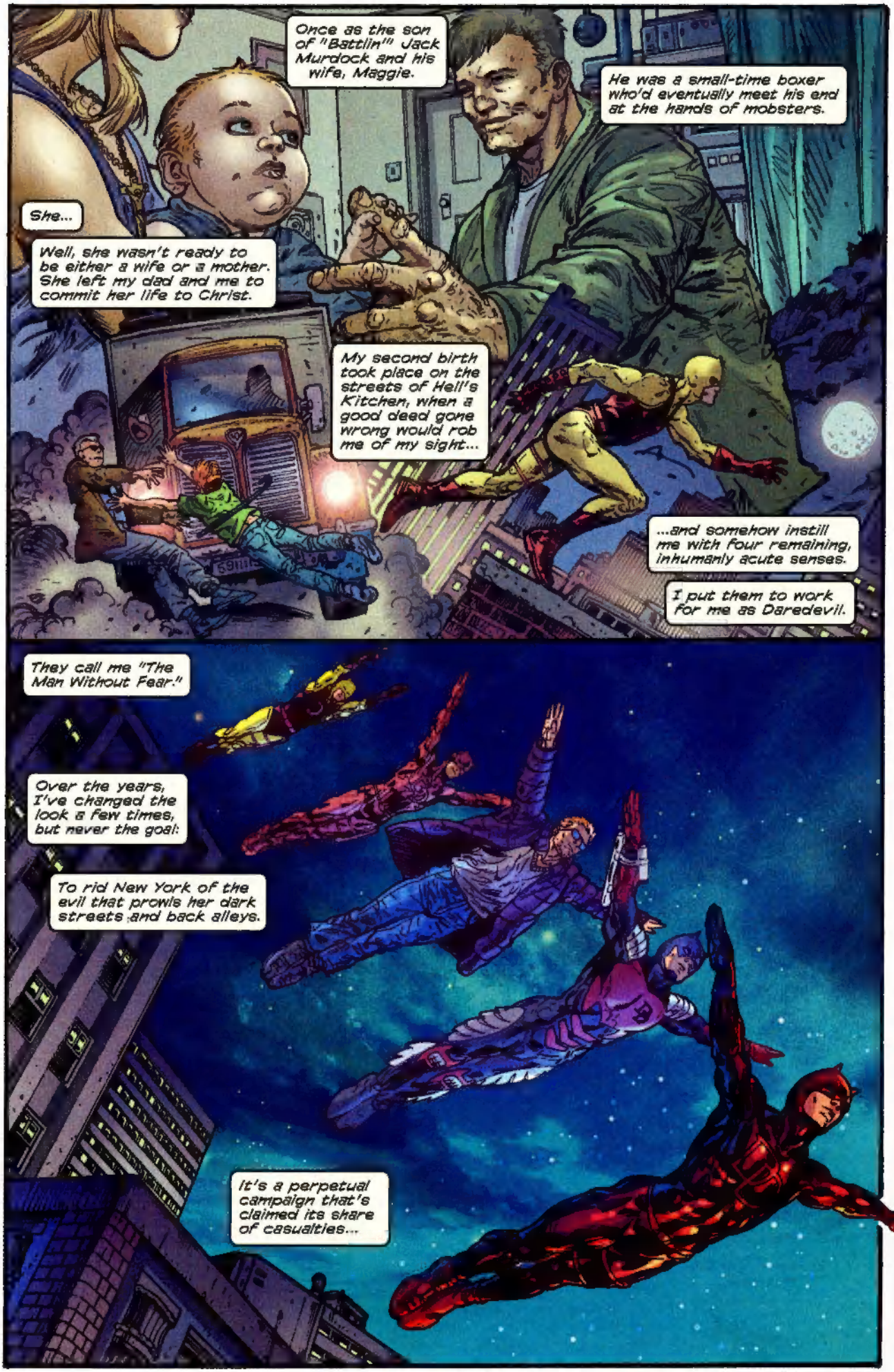
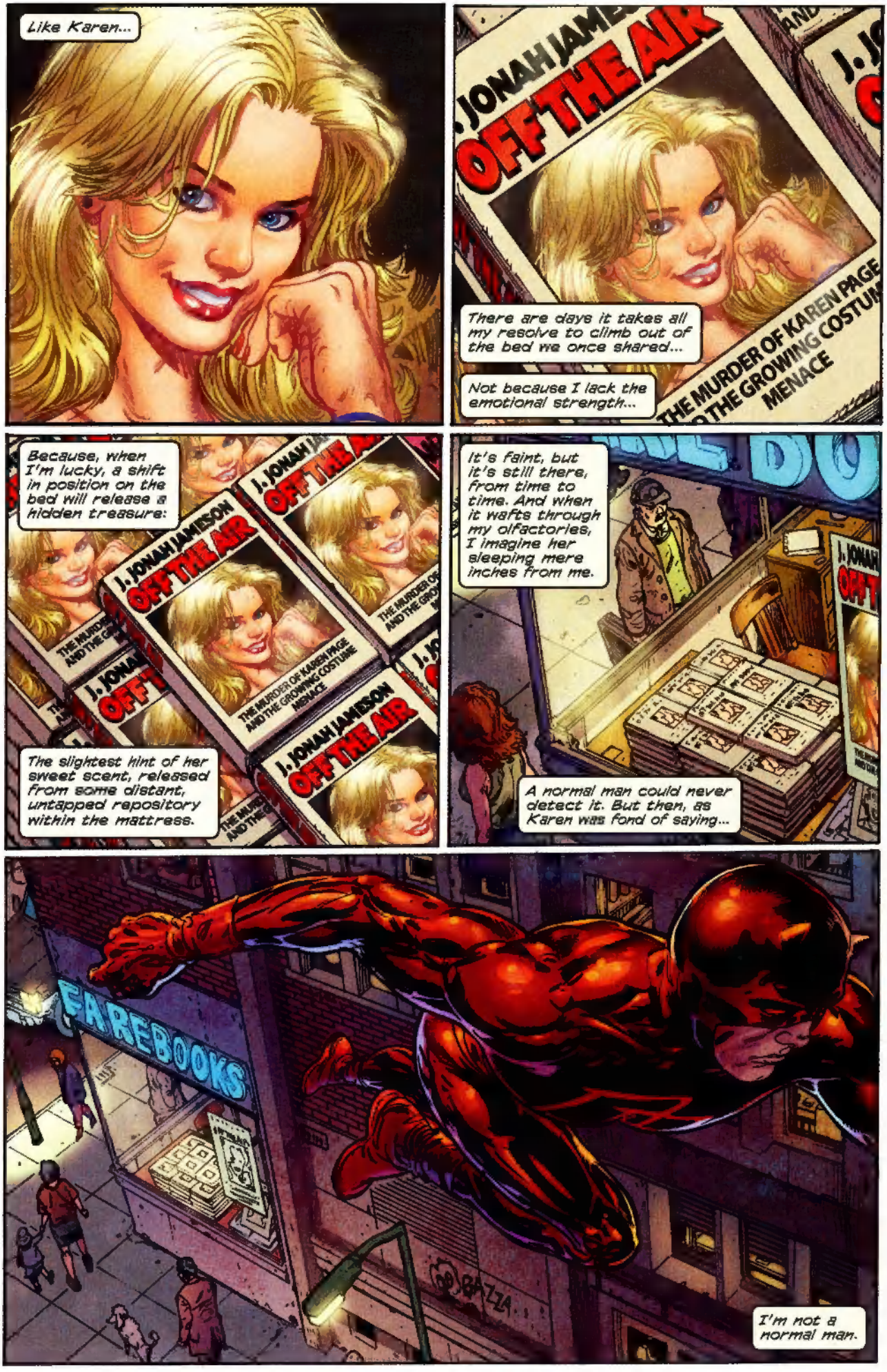
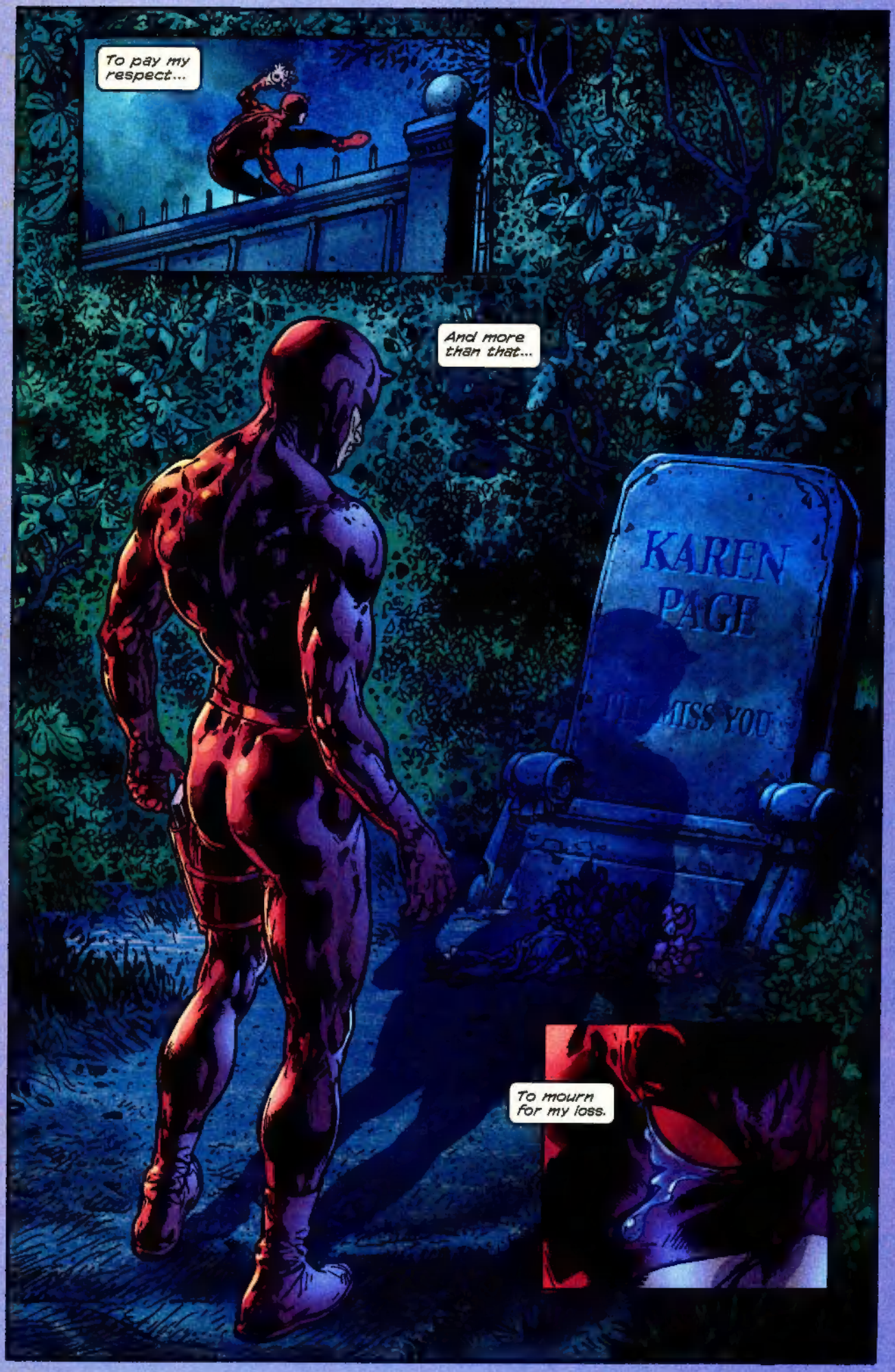
JOE QUESADA EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
AXIOM ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MARVEL PRESIDENT

And then, we go back to our lives.
ZZZZIIIGGG
Whatever that life may be.
DANGER
I was born in New York City.
Twice.

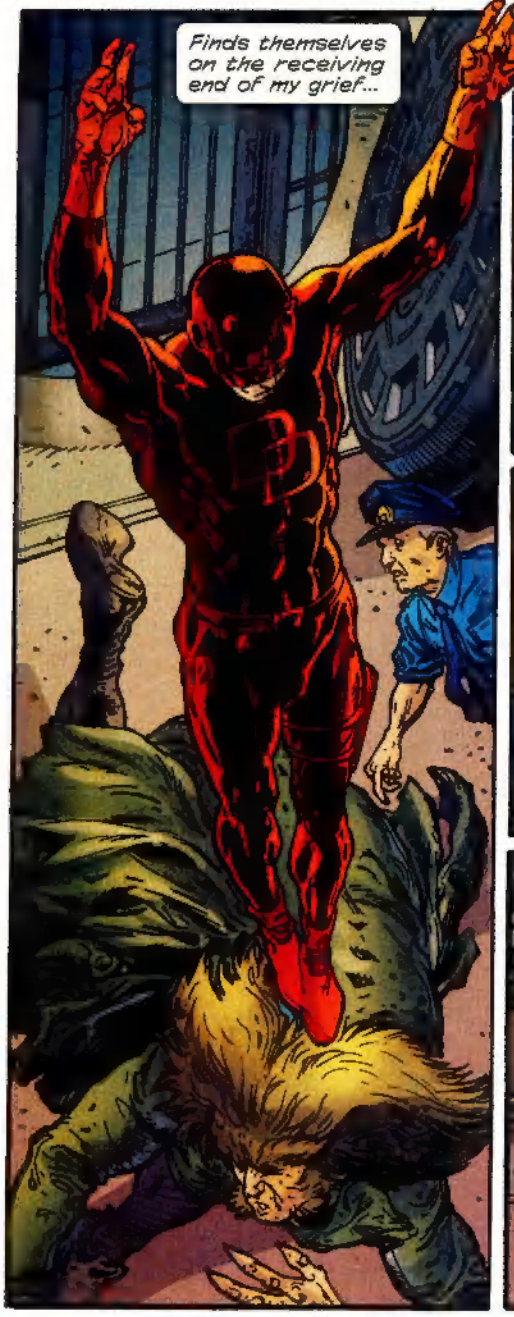

Once as the son of "Battlin'" Jack Murdock and his wife, Maggie.
He was a small-time boxer who'd eventually meet his end at the hands of mobsters.
She...
Well, she wasn't ready to be either a wife or a mother. She left my dad and me to commit her life to Christ.
My second birth took place on the streets of Hell's Kitchen, when a good deed gone wrong would rob me of my sight...
...and somehow instill me with four remaining, inhumanly acute senses.
I put them to work for me as Daredevil.
They call me "The Man Without Fear."
Over the years, I've changed the look a few times, but never the goal:
To rid New York of the evil that prowls her dark streets and back alleys.
It's a perpetual campaign that's claimed its share of casualties...


Like Karen...
J. JONAH JAMESON
OFF THE AIR
THE MURDER OF KAREN PAGE
There are days it takes all my resolve to climb out of the bed we once shared...
Not because I lack the emotional strength...
Because, when I'm lucky, a shift in position on the bed will release a hidden treasure:
The slightest hint of her sweet scent, released from some distant, untapped repository within the mattress.
It's faint, but it's still there, from time to time. And when it wafts through my olfactories, I imagine her sleeping mere inches from me.
A normal man could never detect it. But then, as Karen was fond of saying...
COMIC BOOKS
BAZZA
I'm not a normal man.

It's been three years since she was murdered, and I still haven't fully recovered.
EST 1953
CIGARETTES CIGARS CONFECTIONERY
FRESH FLOWERS 50¢
That's never more evident than this night...
RESH OWER 50¢!
A night I dread throughout most of the year...
The night I head out to Queens...
ROOSEVELT ISLAND


To pay my respect...
And more than that...
KAREN PAGE
MISS YOU
To mourn for my loss.

I'm almost ashamed to admit this, but...
Anyone who crosses my path that night...


Finds themselves on the receiving end of my grief...

And that grief is fully realized...

As violence.

They get a small taste of the beating I've been rehearsing for three years.
The fight I've repeatedly practiced in my head since that night Karen breathed her last.
The physical manifestation of the hatred I've been nursing...

Just for him...
He calls himself Bullseye.
I call him the Antichrist.
He is Hell's black heart and lost mind made flesh.
PAF
His "gift" is that of marksmanship beyond comprehension.
In his hands, anything can be a lethal weapon.

PAF
Throughout my hectic days and sleepless nights, I am forced to reflect on the madness of both that chilling moment I last faced the beast...
PAF PAF
As well as all that he stole from [redacted] that night.
And when I do that, this is the haunting refrain that echoes through my mind...
RRRIIIPP
SHIFFFFFF
"You bastard...
"What have you done to my life?"
AAAAAAAAAAAUUU

AAAAAAAHHHHH!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
First off, I'd like you to know that I'm an American -- through and through.

I love my country, and more than that, I love this city.
I despise you people for what you did to it.
I hate you and everything you represent.
But I'm also a professional.
I didn't get into this business to express my political views.
So I don't like you. Big deal. We're not here to make friends.
We're here because I can introduce you to a man who can help you achieve your goals.
That man is coming, yes?
That man is coming, yes.
But before you talk to that man, I want you to know what you're trying to destroy.
See that telescope out there? Take a look through it.

It's locked into place, so don't go messing with my settings.
All I want you to do is look through it.
It's kind of my pay-per-view. They don't have that in your country, do they -- pay-per-view?
What is this "pay-per-view"?
Doesn't matter.
What I'm getting at is that I've been studying that same view for over a year now.
Used to be that chick would have a different guy up there every week. She liked to stay up all hours, sexin' and flexin'.
One day, the fellas stopped coming over, and she started growing a belly.
I don't know the girl, except from watching her all this time, but nearest I can figure is she's doing the parent-thing solo.
She traded in the good times for the kid.
Kinda touching.
KNOCK KNOCK
I'll bet that I turn my telescope on any number of windows in that building and find a similar view. Sometimes there'd be two parents, sometimes there'd a nanny or something.
Point is, that's what you people are out to bring down.
I just thought I'd remind you of that — in case you'd like to change your mind about meeting my associate.

Right on time.
They here?
Sure are.
And Christ, do they reek.
This is the gentleman I [redacted] telling you about. If anyone can get your job done, it's him.
You will kill for us, yes?
Sure.
If the price is right.

You [redacted] kill *this* man for right price, yes?
Hoo-boy. *This* guy? For *big* price, yes.
Ten million up front. Another ten when the job's done.
Won't be easy -- particularly if you want it done in *this* city. But for twenty million...
I'll send him straight to Allah.
This is easy to *say*, but to *do* is different matter.
Which is why you haven't done it yourself, I guess.
Our people can [redacted] longer move about freely in your country without raising suspicion. Yet our crusade must be relentless.
For this reason, [redacted] seek you.

Wow. You've got some brains under those rags your people wear. Good for you.
We were all starting to wonder over here.

How can ■ be sure you do murder once we give money?

Haven't you heard? I'm a cold-blooded killer.

If this is so, then please to perform test of proof, yes?

Whatever floats your boat.

Please to look through telescope.
What?
Hey, wait a sec...
Man, you can't...!
Shut up, Roger. 'Less you want me to collapse your wind-pipe.
Oh, God...
So I'm looking. So what?
You prove to us you are cold-blooded killer.

Make an orphan of the child.
'Kay.
Hmmm...

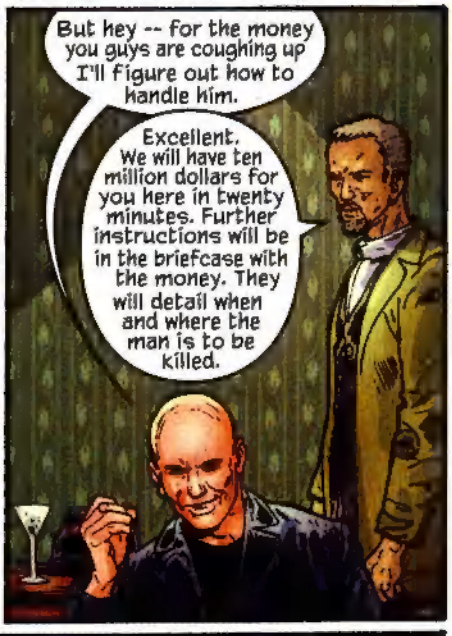
Alley...
...Oop!
FLIK
WHOOOOSH
PTCH
KRAK
We good?
You do this to that woman...
From a hundred yards away...
With only toothpick?

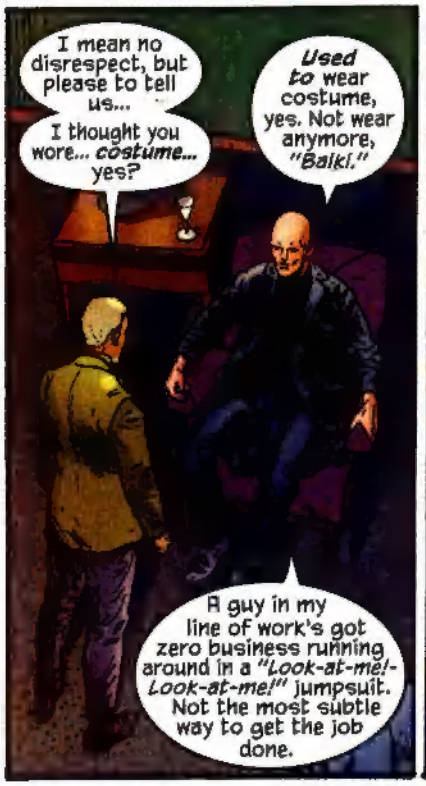
Could've done it with less.

The hoot of it all is it'll take the M.E. at least a week to figure out what killed her.
You want, I can do your guy quietly, or loud and proud. Your call.

Only possible problem I can foresee is this guy in town. Costume-type.
The Man Who Is a Spider?

"The Man Who Is a Spider."
You people are cartoons.
No, it's not "The Man Who Is a Spider." It's another guy. Always getting in my way. Got a real mad-on for me.


But hey -- for the money you guys are coughing up I'll figure out how to handle him.
Excellent. We will have ten million dollars for you here in twenty minutes. Further instructions will be in the briefcase with the money. They will detail when and where the man is to be killed.


I mean no disrespect, but please to tell us... I thought you wore... costume... yes?
Used to wear costume, yes. Not wear anymore, "Baiki."
A guy in my line of work's got zero business running around in a "Look-at-me!-Look-at-me!" jumpsuit. Not the most subtle way to get the job done.

But tell ya' what, Akbar...

If it'll make ya' happy...

Check this out...

Ta-da!
TO BE CONTINUED...